FIFINE
THE
FISHER-MAID.

FIFINE, THE FISHER-MAID:

Or the Magic Shrimps.

BY

F. A. D.

OTTAWA.
A. S. WOODBURN, ELGIN STREET.
1877.

TO THE

CHILDREN OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES;

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN,

THE

Merry Little Party of Actors,

FOR

Whose Christmas Fun these Plays were written,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME,

With this as sole excuse for its nonsense,

IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

FIFINE, THE FISHER-MAID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—:—

JUPITER.	QUEEN BESSINA.
JUNO.	QUEEN FAIENCE.
MERCURY.	PRINCESS ZOU ZOU.
PRINCE EMERALD.	PAGE.
FERNANDO.	KING OF THE SHRIMPS.
SIR IRASCIBLE RAPS.	CORALINA.
SIR POPINJAY POPS.	PEARL.
FIFINE.	ANEMONE.

—:—

SCENERY.

SCENE 1ST.—Fifine's Cottage. SCENE 2ND.—Palace of Jupiter Cloudland.

SCENE 3RD.—Fifine's Cottage.

SCENE 4TH.—Sea Beach on the Enchanted Isle.

SCENE 5TH.—The Grotto and

THE CORAL GROVES

OF THE

ENCHANTED ISLE.

—:—

Costumes of the most gorgeous, the most burlesque.

Period, no matter.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

—::—

Government House, Ottawa.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1878.

Jupiter	Col. the Hon. E. G. P. Littleton.
Juno	Captain F. Ward, A.D.C.
Mercury	Captain F. Hamilton, A.D.C.
Prince Emerald	Hon. Terence Blackwood.
Fernando	Mr. Edward Littleton.
Sir Irascible Raps	Mr. Algernon Littleton.
Sir Popinjay Pops	Hon. Basil Blackwood.
Fifine	Miss Littleton.
Queen Bessina	Viscount Clandeboye.
Queen Faience	Lady Helen Blackwood.
Princess Zou Zou	Lady Hermione Blackwood.
Page King of the Shrimps	Hon. Frederick Blackwood.
Coralina	Lady Victoria Blackwood.
Pearl	Miss Muriel Stephenson.
Anemone	Miss Susan Littleton.

FIFINE, THE FISHER-MAID;

OR THE MAGIC SHRIMPS.

SCENE I.

FIFINE'S COTTAGE: *Log fire on hearth, burning, set corner wise R. U. E. Door L, small table C: old-fashioned, pendulum, Dutch clock C, at back; shelf R, with jug and loaf of bread.* FIFINE *discovered sitting on low stool by fire, mending nets: she is shabbily dressed as a poor fisher girl. Storm heard outside. Lights low.*

FIFINE.

I am so sleepy! (*yawns*) why, it's nearly one!
I must sit up until this net is done.
It's hard to be so poor. Poor little I!
I often want to have a real good cry;
But that's no good. That wont mend nets I fear.
Fifine, my girl, cheer up! a good time's near.
(*puts elbows on knees, and looks dreamily into the fire.*)
It would be nice, though, if some kind old fairy
Would suddenly appear, so bright and airy;
(*stage grows dark*).
Dressed all in green and gold, as fairies look,
With wings of silver, in my picture book.
(*clock strikes One. Clock door opens, and discovers Coralina. Lime Light.*)
And wave her magic wand, and say "Fifine!"

CORALINA. Fifine!

FIFINE (*starting up and seeing fairy.*) Good gracious!
What does all this mean?
It *is* the fairy! Oh, how very queer!

CORALINA. Well, what's your wish, Fifine? The fairy's here.

FIFINE. What do I wish? How nice! What don't I wish!
I want a fine new boat, and lots of fish,—
That 's for Fernando—

CORALINA. Who 's Fernando, pray?

FIFINE. Oh, Fernie? He 's my lover, so they say.
And then I want an apron, cap and strings,
A pink silk dress, and— Oh, what silly things!
Money, of course, will buy me clothes like these.
I wish to be, oh, very rich, ma'am, please.

CORALINA. A very silly wish! All right, my dear,
The shrimps, you'll find, are all enchanted here;
They cure bad temper, sell them.

FIFINE. How surprising!

CORALINA. You'll make your fortune.

FIFINE. How?

CORALINA. By advertising.

(*clock door closes, Fifine runs to clock and opens door. Coralina has disappeared. Fifine picks up a paper from inside.*)

FIFINE. Is this a dream? Oh no, I'm wide awake.
The fairy said my fortune I should make
By selling shrimps, I'm sure I wish I might.
(*looks at paper.*)
Writing! I wish that I could read and write.

(*rapping heard at door. Fifine goes to door. A gust of wind blows it open, storm heard outside: enter Fernando, followed by Queen Faience and Prince Emerald, heavily cloaked and shawled.*)

FERNANDO. Fifine, I'm sure, will shelter you to-night.
(*to Fifine*) Two strangers, dear,
PRINCE EMERALD. Our boat has been upset.
It's very stormy—
QUEEN FAIENCE. and we're very wet.
(*Fifine helps Queen off with her wraps, and seats her at the fire. Fernando takes off Prince Emerald's cloak.*)
FIFINE. Poor things! I am so sorry!
QUEEN FAIENCE. Can we stay?
FIFINE. Of course. I would'nt turn a dog away.
I'm very poor; I hav'nt got a bed;
But there's the fire, and here's milk and bread.
(*gets bread and milk from shelf and sets them on table.*)
You're very welcome.
QUEEN FAIENCE. What's your name?
FIFINE. Fifine!
QUEEN FAIENCE. Well, child, you're giving shelter to a queen.
She'll not forget it. (*Queen and Prince sit at table and take bread and milk. Fifine and Fernando come down L.*)
FIFINE. Gracious! Fernie dear!
The Fairy's words are coming true, that's clear.
FERNANDO. What fairy?
QUEEN FAIENCE. (*coming down.*) What! A fairy!
Tell me, child.
What was she like?
PRINCE EMERALD. (*laughing.*) Pray, was she tame or wild?
FIFINE. You laugh! It really was a fairy queen.
She stood in there; (*points to clock*) so lovely; dressed in green,
And promised me my wish.
QUEEN FAIENCE. You wished for —?

FIFINE. Money.
She said the shrimps, here, are enchanted—
PRINCE EMERALD. Funny!
FIFINE. They cure bad temper.
PRINCE EMERALD. Ah, the very thing!
I know a dozen dowagers to bring—
Cantankerous as crabs. Each thinks the other's
Temper is like a tinker's mother's.
I know a score of husbands, too, whose lives
Are crossed and crumpled by tempestuous wives.
QUEEN FAIENCE. I know a hundred wives who daily blame
The day that made them "better halves"—in name.
PRINCE EMERALD. Each one is sure to send the other here
To "cure his temper." (*laughs*) Oh, you need'nt fear.
Your fortune's made.
FERNANDO. Our fortune's made indeed!
FIFINE. She left some writing, but I cannot read.
Fernando, here, (*gives paper*).
FERNANDO. Oh, I can read it—
(*turns papers round in a puzzled way.*) nearly.
PRINCE EMERALD. Suppose I try.
FIFINE. What, can you read, Sir? (*he nods.*) Really!
PRINCE EMERALD. (*Reads:*)

THE MAGIC SHRIMP.

The magic shrimp
  Will cure the dumps,
Bad temper too,
  And also mumps;
Restore the hair,
  And give repose;
Remove the freckles
  From your nose:
It makes the very
  Best of blacking,
And keeps your boots
  From ever cracking;
It's good for sauce
  With fish or meat;
It's good for starch:
  The soap 's a treat:

It's good to polish
Legs of chairs;
For dyeing, and
Removing hairs:
It makes a splendid
Brilliant ink;
Also a cooling
Summer drink:
It's good for gout
Or broken legs;
For toothpaste, or
Preserving eggs;
It's good to clean your
Bit or stirrup:
It makes a charming
Soothing syrup;
It's good in tea
Instead of milk;
It's excellent
For dyeing silk:
It's unsurpassed
For mending china;
For toothache too
There's nothing finer:
Now if you've never
Tried it—try it;
And if you've never
Bought it—Buy it.

QUEEN FAIENCE. Well, come, Fifine, if shrimps will cure a passion—

PRINCE EMERALD. And dye white hairs—(*laughs.*)

QUEEN FAIENCE. You'll soon become the fashion.
You'd better set to work at once. Make haste
And manufacture this—(*laughs*) superb shrimp paste.

PRINCE EMERALD. Whatever else you do, now, if you're wise,
You'll first of all take care to advertise.

FIFINE. That's what the fairy said! What's advertising?

PRINCE EMERALD. You don't know that! It's really most surprising!
Look here! If Jones invents—a pill, we'll say.
He wants to sell a lot to make it pay.

First step to fame,
He gets a name,
To say his Pills
Will cure all ills.
Through every town
He sticks this down,

Below your toes,
Before your nose,
On every wall,
In every Hall,
In road or street,
You always meet—
"Try Jones' Pills,
That cure all ills!"
In boats and trains,
Balloons or drains,
On coffin lids
In Pyramids,
You see it still—
"Try Jones' Pill!"
Where'ere you go,
You can't say no,
Before you thrust,
You feel you must,—

You ought to—try it,
And then—you buy it.

(*all laugh.*)

QUEEN FAIENCE. Well now, Fifine, you know just what to do;
You'll make your fortune, and we'll help you, too.
We'll call this Saratargate: That's the name
Will hand "Fifine the Fishermaid" to fame.

(*Tableau. Queen Faience C. Fifine kneeling, kissing her hand. Prince Emerald and Fernando R. & L. Drop Curtain.*)

SCENE II.

Terrace in the Palace of Jupiter in Cloudland, sky at back, steps centre of terrace. Breakfast table set L. 2 E. and two seats: handkerchief lying on ground up R. Mercury enters L. carrying plate of muffins, he sets it on table

MERCURY. Master not down, and missus late, of course!
It's well for her the mare 's the better horse.
(takes a piece of muffin.)
If there 's one thing that Jupiter does hate,
It is for breakfast being made to wait.
But Juno's worse than he. I must give warning.
(takes another piece of muffin.)
She even boxed my ears the other morning;
She called me names too, rascal, knave and thief,
Because I took her pockethandkerchief.
My fingers must, I think, be hung on springs,
Somehow, I can't resist these little things.
(sees handerchief on ground.)
Why, there's another! now that's very droll!
My fingers turn like needles to the pole.
I can't resist.
(picks up handkerchief and puts it in his top boot.)
I'll hide it in my boot.
There, that's all right! and now for a cheroot.
(takes cigar case from table, and lights cigar, sits on one seat, and puts his feet on the other.)
They call me, Mercury, of thieves the patron,
When I'm as innocent as any matron;

And as for all these little trifling slips,
I've kleptomania in my finger tips.

(*crash and loud growling heard at back R. Mercury starts up and looks out at back R. Enter Jupiter L. 2 E.*)

JUPITER. Now then, what's all this noise?

MERCURY. Oh, Sir, look there!
The Scorpion has stung the Little Bear!

JUPITER. Fetch me a thunderbolt, be quick! a winger,
(*exit Mercury L.*)
I'll give that Scorpion a jolly stinger.

(*enter Mercury L. with thunderbolt, Jupiter hurls it off R. 2 E. Crash heard and growls.*)

We'll see if we can't stop these little capers.
(*to Mercury*),
Now then, be off, and fetch the morning papers.
(*exit Mercury L.*)
Here's half-past ten, and Juno not down yet,
(*Calls.*) Juno! The breakfast 's ready!

JUNO. (*off R.*) Coming, pet!

JUPITER. Coming! Why don't you come! The little silly!
The coffee—hem!—I should say, nectar's chilly;
The ham and eggs—ambrosia, that is—cold;
The very water cress is growing old:
The omlette 's tough, to cut it wants a spade;
The flies have eaten up the marmalade.
Juno, (*calls*) make haste! It's really most annoying.
Two hours she 's been, four ladies' maids employing.
It's all her hair; they dress it, brush it, match it;
It takes as long as if she'd first to catch it.
Thimbles and thunderbolts! By Jove, I'm starving!
I'll wait no longer, I must do some carving.

(*sits at table and begins eating, enter Juno, R. Jupiter takes no notice of her.*)

JUNO. (*coaxingly*). Juppy! He won't look up. My darling Juppy!

JUPITER. Well, madam, are you calling for your puppy? I'm not a dog. (*Mercury enters with papers.*)

MERCURY. My goodness, here's a go! (*Exit L.*)

JUPITER. You're late. (*Juno sits R. of table and pours out coffee.*)

JUNO. Your watch is fast!

JUPITER. Then yours is slow!
The coffee's cold; you know I hate it so.

JUNO. You're cross again—why are you always nagging?

JUPITER. Why are you always late? for ever lagging.

JUNO. A woman cannot dress, sir, in a minuit,

JUPITER. I wish you'd buy a sack, and just jump in it.

JUNO. So like a man, that is! A sack! Good lack!
No doubt you'd like to see me in a sack!
Perhaps (*sobs*) you'd rather see me in my coffin. (*cries.*)

JUPITER. What! Water works again!

JUNO. You're always scoffin'
Because (*sobs*) your poor wife dresses all to please you.

JUPITER. Oh bother, Ju, I said it just to tease you.
(*Juno takes up paper and reads, turning her back to table.*)
Oh, if you wish to sulk, pray sulk, my dear!
(*Jupiter takes up paper and reads, turning his back also to table.*)

JUNO. How odd! The very thing! do listen here (*reads.*)
"A remarkable discovery has been made at an island called Saratargate, somewhere in China. The shrimps of this place cure bad temper." There! "Sulks."

JUPITER. There!

JUNO. "And grumpiness. An irascible, grumpy, peppery old party, had disinherited his six sons and twenty daughters for wearing hob-nailed boots. In a fit of anger he retired to this spot, and lived upon shrimps for three weeks. On his return, he forgave his six sons and twenty daughters, and bought a pair of hob-nailed boots for himself. He now smiles all day long."
I wish that you'd eat shrimps.

JUPITER. D'ye mean to say
My temper 's bad?

JUNO. (*aside, dryly*) I've seen a better.

JUPITER. Eh!

JUNO (*meekly*). Nothing, my love.

JUPITER. Nothing! That's like your sex.
It's always "nothing!" when they want to vex.
(*turns to newspaper.*)
Ha! hum! A strange coincidence indeed!
I've found some more shrimps' tales, dear. Shall I read?
(*reads.*)

"A most aggravating woman, with a temper like a razor, who had worn her poor husband into a curl paper, has just returned from eating the famous Saratargate shrimps, which cure bad temper; hers is so much improved that she now uses her little finger to sweeten the family tea, and her husband is growing too fat to tie his own shoe-strings.

(*enter Mercury with letter, he gives it to Juno, and exit L.*)

JUNO (*coming down.*) More news from Saratargate: just look here. (*reads.*)

"Tremendous excitement. All the world going to Saratargate; steamers every ten minutes from every where. Return tickets half-a-crown."
Oh, Juppy, let us go.

JUPITER. I can't afford it.
Times are too hard. No money.
JUNO. Oh, you hoard it.
JUPITER. Think of the dresses, bonnets, gloves—all new.
JUNO. Cigars and billiards, plays and suppers too.
JUPITER. I can't afford—
JUNO. You'd cure your wife—perhaps.
JUPITER. I can't—(*she stops his mouth*). Well, there; pack up your traps.
(*Calls.*) Here Mercury! (*enter Mercury L*), Say, what's the earliest train?
MERCURY. Where to, Sir?
JUPITER. Earth.
MERCURY. Well, there's the "Charles' Wain."
JUNO. Oh, that's so slow.
JUPITER. Here, fetch the railway guide.
(*Mercury brings railway guide.*)
If I can find the place, we'll soon decide;
The "Comet" passes by at twelve o'clock.
(*Looks at watch.*)
Make haste; you hav'nt time to change your frock.
(*Juno runs off R.*)
Ten minutes for refreshment at the Lion.
(*Drags forward from L wing, big carpet bag, marked "Thunderbolts."*)
This bag of thunderbolts you'll keep your eye on.
(*Exit L.*)
MERCURY (*sits at table and helps himself to coffee, etc.*)
I've had no breakfast yet. Can't call it stuffin,
With ninety million miles upon a muffin.
This comes of serving such a rapid master:
The "Comet's" fast, but I shall be a faster.

(*He is just going to eat when Jupiter enters L, Mercury starts up and leaves his plate with regretful looks. Jupiter carries very diminutive portmanteau.*)

JUPITER. Tooth brush, clean collar, handkerchief, all right!

JUPITER (*calls*). Juno! come! arn't you ready yet?

JUNO. Not quite.

JUPITER. Here's my portmanteau, mind, Sir, don't you drop it,

(*Loud rushing noise heard off L. at back.*)

The "Comet's" coming: quick now, run, and stop it.

(*Mercury runs up stage and signals off L. Lively music. Half a dozen band-boxes and a number of brown paper parcels are thrown on from R. and caught by Jupiter, who pitches them to Mercury, who places them up stage, then Jupiter drags in a huge trunk or two, and Juno enters with a big bundle of wraps, which she gives to Mercury. Rushing noise heard; the "Comet" appears at back. The characters dance a "break-down" and "walk round," and at the end form tableau. Juno in centre; Jupiter and Mercury on either side. Scene closes in.*

SCENE III.

Fifine's Cottage; in 1st. Grooves. Enter Fifine L.

FIFINE. (*laughing.*) What fun! The fairy's words have all come true!
My darling godmother, it's all through you!
We're getting, oh, so rich! it can't be told,
I've stuffed my stockings, every one, with gold,
And now we're filling sacks, and any thing.
I am so happy, I could dance and sing.
(*Sings.*)

SONG.—

(*During the last bars of the song Fernando has entered, R. he comes behind her, and as she finishes, he puts his arm round her waist and kisses her.*)

FERNANDO. Ah, sweet Fifine, what, singing, little bird!

FIFINE. (*with affectation of indignation.*)
How dare you, sir, eh? well, upon my word!
(*with a sudden change of manner, putting her hands clasped on his shoulder.*)
Oh, Fernie! Is'nt it delightful having riches!
It's nicer far than making nets.

FERNANDO. Or stiches.

FIFINE. Or going out all night for one poor sprat.

FERNANDO. I've often fished all night for less than that.
But do you know, Fifine, (*puts arm round her waist.*)
I wish you'd stop it;
Let's give up money-making; come now, drop it.
We've quite enough to live like lords and ladies.
No Queen is half so dear as my sweet maid is. (*kisses her.*)
Let's run away to-morrow.

FIFINE. Oh, what stuff
Why, Fernie, dear, we hav'nt half enough.
I want ten carriages and horses grand;
To be the finest lady in the land;
With powdered footmen, diamonds and rings,
Silk dresses, velvet trains and other things,
Such ducks of bonnets, shawls and laces new.

FERNANDO. And I?

FIFINE. Oh, you shall have fine dresses too,
And then an opera box in every city.

FERNANDO. (*ironically.*) You'll use them all at once?

FIFINE. You're very witty.
Then in the park I'll drive, or walk, (*walks up and down stage mincingly, as though managing long train.*)
like this.

FERNANDO. You look just like a silly peacock, Miss.

FIFINE. A peacock, Sir! I'm sure you're most polite.
Don't marry, pray, a peacock, Sir.

FERNANDO. You're right.
I'd rather drown myself at once, I would, now, there!

FIFINE. (*begining to cry.*) I'm sure, you're so unkind; I should'nt care.

(*Enter Coralina L. disguised as an old woman, with a basket.*)

CORALINA. You'd better take some shrimps, you naughty pair.

(*Gives shrimps to each, and exit L., quickly, they begin to peal them in silence; finally they eat them, smiling.*)

FIFINE. Dear Fernie, did we quarrel? How absurd?

FERNANDO. (*kissing her.*) I could'nt quarrel with my little bird.

Oh, by the way, d'ye like my new disguise?
(*fetches cloak and beard from R; puts them on.*)

FIFINE (*clapping hands*). It's capital! You look so very wise.

FERNANDO (*introducing himself.*) Doctor Malfœsiostro.
(*she curtseys, he bows pompously.*) I must go.
Queen Bessie comes to-day.

FIFINE. Oh, yes, I know.
Her temper 's awful.

FERNANDO. I've a speech to make.

FIFINE. And I've a lot of pies and bread to bake.
(*Exeunt L and R.*

SCENE IV.

Beach and sea coast of the Enchanted Isle. Fifine's cottage L. U. E., boat drawn up R. 2 E. Bathing house R. U. E. with placard, "Bathing House. To Let. Five Pounds a night." A board, "The Squib and Cracker Gardens," another with hand "This way to the Grotto," another outside cottage, "Tea and shrimps ninepence." Rustic table and chairs L. 2. E.

(*Prince Emerald discovered on bank sleeping; a fishing rod hangs out over water. Fifine enters from cottage.*)

FIFINE. Ah! Fast asleep! The Prince, here, calls this fishing.
All right, my Prince, if fishes you are wishing,
I'll give you one. (*Runs into cottage, and returns with red herring which she fastens to hook.*)
It won't do any flapping.
There now. That's right. (*hides behind wing R. I. E*
Prince wakes, rubbing his eyes)

PRINCE EMERALD. Come in! Why, I've been napping.
(*Takes up fishing rod.*)
I've caught a fish at last. It's very red.
The smell's peculiar. Why, the creature's dead!
It's very strange! I can't have slept a week,
(*Fifine smothers a laugh*)
Ah! Ah! I see; a case of hide and seek.
(*goes off at R. 2. E. and comes behind Fifine, she runs across stage to L. 1 E. he following, and on at L. 2 E. he catches her*)

Fifine, you rogue, you'll have to pay for this.
FIFINE. Ah, let me go!
PRINCE EMERALD. Not till I've got a kiss.
FIFINE. There's some coming, let me go, now, quick.
(*she runs away into cottage*)
I'm sure that someone I should like to kick. (*exit R.*)
Enter L. 1. E. SIR IRASCIBLE RAPS, *carrying a book and an umbrella, the ribs of which are covered with blue muslin to represent blue glass: he comes front—sings.*

BLUE GLASS.
Air "The Galloping Snob."

SIR IRASCIBLE.

They call me Irascible Raps, Sir Raps,
Irascible Raps, Irascible Raps,
I'm free to confess that perhaps, perhaps
I'm one of the peppery chaps.
Gout in all my toes;
Nobody here knows
How hard the fight to be polite,
With gout in all your tender toes.

My medical man has ordered blue glass,
Ordered blue glass, ordered blue glass;
And though you may think that the man is an ass,
There's nothing like blue glass:
Temper 's all serene,
Appetite 's not mean,
I'll spend my life, without a wife,
As long as I get this fine blue glass.

(*Enter R. 1 E. Sir Popinjay Pops with a telescope.*)
There's that confounded donkey Popinjay.
I hate that fellow! (*goes up L., sticks his umbrella into the ground, and lies down on bank, reading.*)

SIR POPINJAY. Raps again to-day.
Old idiot, with his gout, and that blue glass,
Sun baths and stuff! I hate to see the ass.
(goes up R. and leans against tree, looking through telescope at sea.)
SIR IRASCIBLE. As usual, Sir, you're keeping off my sun.
SIR POPINJAY. It's mine as much as yours. *(aside)* I'll have some fun.
SIR IRASCIBLE. To cure my malady, the gout, it's true,
My doctor puts me under glass that's blue;
I pay for sunshine, and I'll have it too.
SIR POPINJAY. Your malady indeed! we know the sort,
It's made by mixing turtle soup and port.
SIR IRASCIBLE. When *you* were made, a peacock, Sir, was spoiled.
SIR POPINJAY. You poor old vegetable, why ar'nt you boiled?
Don't say you've run to seed. That can't be done.
You may be seedy, but you'll never run.
SIR IRASCIBLE. *(coming down front L.)*
Beware, Sir, pray beware! I'm mild as—
SIR POPINJAY *(scoffingly.)* milk?
SIR IRASCIBLE. My temper 's sweet as sugar, soft as—
SIR POPINJAY. silk.
SIR IRASCIBLE. But milk turns sour, sugar too grows—
SIR POPINJAY. acid?
SIR IRASCIBLE. The calmest waters are not always—
SIR POPINJAY. placid.
SIR IRASBIBLE. I wear a sword, Sir *(puts hand on sword.)*
SIR POPINJAY. Pooh, Sir! likewise, bah!
Don't think of what you were, but what you are.
SIR IRASCIBLE. Where's my thermometer? *(takes out pocket thermometer, places it under his tongue, then examines it.)* This is too bad.
Two hundred! On the boil! I'm going mad.

SIR POPINJAY (*laughing*). Boiling with rage! Old fellow, do be calm:
For my sake, pray; You'll do yourself some harm.
You'd better put cold water in your kettle,
(*offers him glass of water.*)
You poor old pumpkin. (*Sir Irascible takes glass and throws contents over Sir Popinjay.*)
SIR IRASCIBLE. That will try your mettle,
SIR POPINJAY. You've quite unstarched my frill.
SIR IRASCIBLE. You need'nt faint,
Although I have washed off an inch of paint.
SIR POPINJAY. Paint! (*advances threateningly.*)
SIR IRASCIBLE. Pumpkin! (*threatens in return.*)
SIR POPINJAY. Cauliflower! (*shaking telescope at him.*)
SIR IRASCIBLE. Creature! (*shaking fist.*)
SIR POPINJAY. Indeed! you hav'nt got a decent feature.
SIR IRASCIBLE. You dressed up, antiquated, worn out "gent;"
A dozen of you are not worth a cent!
SIR POPINJAY. You're far too fat to see your gouty toes.
SIR IRASCIBLE. For half-a-crown, you stick, I'd pull your nose.
SIR POPINJAY. A row of pins would make me punch your head,
(*enter Fifine with small basket of shrimps.*)
FIFINE. Perhaps you'd take a magic shrimp instead.
SIR POPINJAY and SIR IRASCIBLE (*speaking together.*)
A shrimp! what for!
FIFINE. Improve your tempers, sure,
For all bad temper they're a perfect cure.
(*she gives a shrimp to each: they take them, glaring savagely at each other.*)
Now you stand there (*places Sir Irascible R.*) and you stand here! (*places Sir Popinjay L.*) That's right.
Now when you've peeled your shrimps just take a bite.

You must'nt say a word. They're very nice.
You'll find your anger vanish in a trice.

SIR IRASCIBLE. A shrimp indeed! I don't mind if I try it.

SIR POPINJAY. A magic shrimp! well, that's a funny diet.

(*Fifine goes from one to the other.*)

FIFINE. (*To Sir Popinjay Pops*)—You're getting on.—(*To Sir Irascible Raps*)—Take care now, don't you break it.

SIR POPINJAY. Mine's ready.

SIR IRASCIBLE. So is mine.

FIFINE. Well then, just take it.

(*They eat shrimps. Each begins to smile, they advance to each other and shake hands. Fifine goes up.*)

SIR POPINJAY. What were we quarrelling about just now?

SIR IRASCIBLE. Upon my word, I could'nt say, I vow.
It's very odd! My feelings I can't smother.
Why Pops! I love you better than a brother.

SIR POPINJAY. Dear Raps! it's strange. You're very like my mother.
You'll take a pinch of snuff. (*offers snuff box.*)

SIR IRASCIBLE. Who would suppose
Five minutes back I wished to pull your nose! (*laughs*)

SIR POPINJAY. It can't be true that I was so ill-bred,
Just now, to wish that I could punch your head! (*laughs.*)

SIR IRASCIBLE. Give me your arm old boy, we'll go to town.

(*Takes Sir Popinjay's arm, they are going off L. when Fifine comes down quickly.*)

FIFINE. Excuse me, Sir. (*holds out hand to Sir Popinjay*)

SIR POPINJAY. What this? (*tries to shake hands with her.*)

FIFINE. (*holding out other hand to Sir Irascible.*) Just half-a-crown.

SIR IRASCIBLE. The dickins! half-a-crown! that's rather dear!
The shrimps have had a strike, that's very clear.

FIFINE. They wont be boiled for less; (*they give money*)

SIR POPINJAY. Now tell us, quick,
The hocus pocus,

FIFINE. Sir?

SIR IRASCIBLE. The dodge.

SIR POPINJAY. The trick.
How is it done, eh?

FIFINE. Oh! They do, sir, say
It's just because their bile's all biled away.

(*Sir Irascible and Sir Popinjay clap their hands to their foreheads and go up shaking their heads in disgust.*)

(*cheering heard off L.*)

(*Fifine goes up and looks out at sea. Enter L. 1. and 2. E. Fishermen and Villagers. Fernando enters hurriedly from cottage disguised as Doctor Malfœsiostro; he pushes back crowd to wings R. and L.*)

FERNANDO. Stand back, good people, don't be so encroaching!
The Queen of all the Doodoo's is approaching.
Get ready then to cheer, my jolly tars,
Up with your caps, and out with your hurrahs.

(*Nautical music, boat arrives at back, containing Queen Bessina, Princess Zou Zou and Page, the latter carrying band-boxes under each arm. They disembark and come down front, the populace hurraying. Fernando advances with address.*)

FERNANDO. Most gracious Madam, we—(*Queen Bessina turns aside.*)

QUEEN BESSINA. I feel so ill,
That horrid boat, there, never would stay still.

FERNANDO (*facing her again.*) Most gracious Madam—

QUEEN BESSINA. If you've got it handy,
I think I'd like a little drop of brandy.

(*Fifine brings bottle from cottage; Queen Bessina drinks, all the characters stand in line, singing the following, and dancing "The Cure."*)

ALL. Oh dear! oh dear!

{I feel / She feels} so queer.

{I feel / She feels} so horribly queer.

{I feel / She feels} just here {I feel / She feels} just here

So horribly, horribly queer.
The sea, the sea, the sea, the sea,
The sea, the horrible sea;
The sea, the sea, the sea, the sea,
The horrible, horrible sea.

FERNANDO (*again presenting speech.*)
Most gracious Madam, we—

QUEEN BESSINA. A speech! in rhyme;
Oh well, we'll read it, Sir, another time.
We'll put it in our pocket (*pockets speech.*)
Kindly say—
You cure bad temper here?

FERNANDO. We do.

QUEEN BESSINA. We'll stay.
I've brought my daughter, Sir, her temper's vile;

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Mamma, how can you!

QUEEN BESSINA. In a little while
Perhaps you'll cure her.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Really!—

QUEEN BESSINA. Not a word!
Let little girls be seen but never heard.

FERNANDO (*pedantically*). They should be evident to the optic nerve,
But the auricular should not observe
Their presence, 'hem!
QUEEN BESSINA. (*aside*) A man of erudition.
My own's the very sweetest disposition;
(*Languishingly*) I'm far too sensitive.
(*Abruptly*) And now for dinner.
We've had no food to-day as we're a sinner.
SIR IRASCIBLE. Queen Doo Doo 's peckish.
QUEEN BESSINA. Where's your best hotel?
FERNANDO. Your Majesty—we haven't got one.
QUEEN BESSINA. Well!
I'm sure! Indeed! A pretty piece of work.
FERNANDO. We've fourteen dukes, nine bishops and a Turk,
All sent here by their loving wives and daughters
To have their tempers cured with shrimps and waters.
The town 's too small to hold the crowds. In fact,
Each cottage in the place is closely packed.
QUEEN BESSINA. And where are we to sleep?
FERNANDO. Well? there's the rub;
Perhaps your Majesty will take a tub.
QUEEN BESSINA. I'm not Diogenes!
FERNANDO (*thoughtfully.*) Of course not. He's a loafer,
Perhaps your Majesty would like a sofa;
You see the island is'nt made to stay in:
This is "the place to spend a happy day in,"
We've swings, and round-abouts, and "Old Aunt Sally,'
Lawn tennis, skittles and a bowling alley;
The bathing 's lovely, and the music 's fine;
Dancing and fireworks at half-past nine;
Apples and ginger beer to make you witty;
And if you can't be jolly, more 's the pity.

You've no idea how happy you can be.
And then for ninepence, why you've shrimps and tea.

QUEEN BESSINA. I hate your music! bother swings and skittles!
I don't want wit.

SIR POPINJAY (*aside.*) She only asks for wittles.

QUEEN BESSINA. We must have beds!

FERNANDO. You can't! We have no beds.

QUEEN BESSINA (*stamping her foot angrily.*) Off with his head! Yes, take off all their heads!

(*Walks angrily up and down stage; crushes against Page, who tumbles down, sitting on band-boxes, she slaps him, he cries.*)

PAGE. Bohoo! Bohoo!

QUEEN BESSINA. You naughty little imp.
You've spoilt my bonnet.

(*Enter Coralina as old woman, she gives a shrimp to Queen Bessina.*)

CORALINA. Please to take a shrimp.

(*Exit L quickly.*)

(*Queen Bessina eats shrimp, and gives some to Princess Zou Zou. Both smile amiably*)

QUEEN BESSINA. Why, what's the matter? Really, I don't care.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. I'll sleep upon a table or a chair.

QUEEN BESSINA. I'm not particular: I'll take the floor.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. I'm quite content to sleep against the wall.

QUEEN BESSINA. In short, pray put us anywhere at all.
Who'll take compassion on a homeless Queen?

FIFINE. I will, your Majesty.

QUEEN BESSINA. Your name?

FIFINE. Fifine.

FERNANDO. SONG AND CHORUS.

Air.—"Dixie's Land."

They'll sleep upon the floor,
Or else behind the door
Or up against the wall
Or any where at all.

Chorus.

{They / We} Will. {They / We} Will. {They / We} Will. {They / We} Will.

FERNANDO. They're not at all particular.

ALL. 'Ticular, 'ticular.

FERNANDO. A cellar or a stable, or a sofa or a table.
They'll sleep. They'll sleep.
They'll sleep upon a table.

ALL REPEAT. They'll sleep, etc.

Music repeats last few bars, the characters walk round the stage, and Exit L. Fifine, Queen Bessina and Princess Zou Zou, with Paye, go into cottage. Music changes to a nautical air. Small boat appears at back, containing Jupiter, Juno and Mercury, the latter pulling. All grotesquely dressed in exaggerated fashions.)

JUPITER. 'Vast pulling, there, my lad! Here's land at last.

Jump out now, quick, and make the painter fast.

(*Mercury gets out of boat, and comes down, looking as if in search of something.*)

What is it, noodle?

MERCURY. Sir, the painter, please.

There's no one painting here among these trees.

(*Jupiter gets out of boat with a rope, hits Mercury.*)

JUPITER. This is the painter, sir,

MERCURY. Why that's a rope.

JUPITER. Next time I ask for one you'll know, I hope.

MERCURY. (*Rubbing his shoulders*) I know I'm painted
black and blue.

JUPITER. All right.

JUNO. Do you intend to leave me here all night?

JUPITER. (*To Mercury*) Take out the baggage.

JUNO. Baggage! Well, I'm sure!

(*Juno gets out of boat without assistance. Mercury lands baggage. Juno comes down to Jupiter.*)

There was a time when you'd have flown—
(*she falls on his shoulder.*)

JUPITER. Don't bore!
Juno, you're getting old. These little tricks
Did very well when we were more like chicks.
I know we're married, and its no use kickin',
But please remember, ma'am, that you're no chicken.
You're quite as heavy as a cask of beer.
(*Looks off R.*)
At last, there's some one coming. Hi, there! Here!
(*Prince Emerald enters R. with Fernando as Malfœsiostro.*)

PRINCE EMERALD. Hallo! What have we here?
A funny set.

(*Jupiter bows elaborately, Juno curtseys, Mercury comes forward and bows, Jupiter takes him by the shoulder and turns him back.*)

JUPITER. Pray, do you know of any rooms to let?
We're strangers here.

PRINCE EMERALD. (*aside.*) Well, I should say so, rather.
He must have lived before his great grandfather;
Ask this distinguished, grave, and learned man—
Doctor Malfœsiostro; he is an
M.D.: M.F.: Y.Z.: A double S:
There's nothing that he can't, at least, profess.
(*Goes up and talks with Juno.*)

JUPITER to FERNANDO. We're simple country folk, you see;
My name is Brown, and this is Mrs. B.

FERNANDO. Well, Mr. Brown, I very much regret,
But that's the only residence you'll get.

(*Pointing to bathing machine.*)

JUPITER. Why that's for bathing! Live in that machine!
Confound it, Sir, whatever do you mean?
D'ye know you're speaking to—

JUNO. 'Hem, Juppy, here!

FERNANDO. Juppy?

JUPITER. Yes, short for Jupiter. (*to Juno.*) I'm coming, dear.
My other name you see.

FERNANDO. Ah! Juppy Brown.

JUPITER. Precisely so. For me that box would do;
But, come, you must confess it's small for two:
There's not much room for rows and—
(*whispers.*) Mrs. B.
She's got a precious temper!
(*coming down.*) Meaning me?

JUPITER. You? (*deprecatingly.*) Oh, my dear!

(*All speak at the same time through the following; fast and loud.*)

JUNO. Yes you did! Talk about my temper, when your own 's as hot as a kitchen poker, and you do everything you can to aggravate me! You know you do! I'll go back I will. Sha'nt, sha'nt. (*repeats several times.*)

JUPITER. Come, my dear. Well it's all your own fault; You know you think of nothing but dressing, and making a peacock of yourself. Will you hold your tongue! Will you be quiet?

PRINCE EMERALD (*soothingly.*) My dear Sir! My dear Madam! Now do be calm! Pray, consider. (*stops his ears.*)

FERNANDO. Well you're a nice pair! Here's a pretty state of things! What am I to do? (*stops his ears.*)

MERCURY. Now that's just the way they go on at home. Always quarrelling. I'll give warning. I can't stand it. I won't stand it. No peace from morning till night. It's row, row, row; one might as well live in a menagerie.

(*Jupiter runs up to back and brings down a band box, which he jumps upon several times. Juno runs up and brings back hat box, takes out hat and drives her fist through the crown. Fifine enters from cottage, and Coralina comes on as old woman L., with basket as before.*)

CORALINA. Here. Take a shrimp you naughty folks.

FIFINE (*running froward*). Ah do!

(*she falls on one knee to Jupiter, offering him a shrimp. Coralina gives shrimps all round and exit L. They all eat shrimps, gradually growing amiable and smiling.*)

JUNO. Why, what's the matter, pray, with you?

JUPITER. It seems to me we've had a little row.

PRINCE EMERALD. (*ironically.*) I think there's been a storm. It's all gone now.

(*Jupiter and Juno pick up fragments of hat and bonnet, smiling.*)

JUNO. My Sunday bonnet!

JUPITER. And my bran new hat!

JUNO. It must have been a storm to do all that.

JUPITER. No matter. Well, my dear, you see your house; It's large enough to suit a family mouse.

JUNO. I think it's charming;

FIFINE. Come, and see inside.

JUPITER. You can't get in.

FIFINE. Just wait until she's tried.

(they go into bathing machine, Mercury puts in the luggage, Jupiter looks through telescope off L.)

JUPITER. Hallo! They're bathing there! The little dears!
I hav'nt had a wash for several years;
I'll go and take a swim. I won't be long.

(exit at back L, Prince Emerald and Fernando look at each other, then burst out laughing.)

PRINCE EMERALD. Well, that's a funny pair!

FERNANDO. They're mad!

MERCURY (*coming down.*) You're wrong,
They're only married.

PRINCE EMERALD. Who's your master? say.

MERCURY (*aside*). I really don't know what he is, to-day.

FERNANDO. Yes, what's his business?

MERCURY. What's his business? Well,
Upon my word it's very hard to tell.
He's in the water works.

PRINCE EMERALD. An engineer?

MERCURY. It is'nt gin he makes, it's hail.

PRINCE EMERALD. Oh, beer.

MERCURY. Not beer, but hail.

PRINCE EMERALD. Same thing, I see, a brewer.

MERCURY. I know his bruise. (*rubs shoulder.*)
I'd rather they were fewer.

FERNANDO. He keeps a first-rate tap?

MERCURY. The firstest rate:
You'd think so if you got it on your pate.
His hail is pretty strong. Just see his snows!

PRINCE EMERALD. His nose! Well, what's the matter with his nose?

It's much like other noses. Is it red?

MERCURY. Why when it blows, it falls, and lies in bed.

FERNANDO. That's queer!

PRINCE EMERALD. Where do they live?

MERCURY. Live! oh in Skye.

PRINCE EMERALD. The Island?

MERCURY. High land? Yes, (*aside*) 'tis, very high.

FERNANDO. Say, is he rich?

MERCURY. Rich! Why he makes the (*J*) dews,
They'd never rise alone.

FERNANDO. Well, this is news!

MERCURY. Why, if he showered gold, t'would not be mist.
(*aside.*) How could it? Gold is gold, and mist is—mist.

PRINCE EMERALD. A funny pair! It would be hard to match them.

FERNANDO. They'll want a lot of shrimps! I'll go and catch them.

(*Exeunt R.*)

MERCURY. I think that's puzzled them. But oh, dear me!
I've lost that bag of thunderbolts. Let's see.
I put it on myself. It must have dropped;
Perhaps it fell at Saturn when we stopped.
I only know that when it does come down,
There'll be a biggish row in this small town.
I am so hungry! (*looks through window of cottage*),
Why, what have we here?
Some bread and cheese, and this fine jug of beer.
(*brings out bread, cheese and beer, eats and drinks.*)
What's in that cupboard? (*gets fishing rod and puts it through window.*)
Hams? (*brings out stocking.*)
Why, it's a stocking!
And stuffed with gold! Now really this is shocking!

This greed for gold is very sad; (*empties gold into pockets.*)
Base pelf!
Why, there are lots more stockings on the shelf;
I may as well step in and help myself.
(*gets in through window.*)

(*enter from Cottage Queen Faience and Queen Bessina and Princess Zou Zou, the latter knitting, she goes and sits against boat.*)

QUEEN FAIENCE. How well you're looking. What a charming bonnet!

QUEEN BESSINA. You think it nice? I slept a week upon it.
But what a lovely dress. And such a waist!

QUEEN FAIENCE. So glad you like it, dear, you have such taste.

QUEEN BESSINA. You flatterer!

QUEEN FAIENCE. So that's your daughter.

QUEEN BESSINA. Best of girls.

QUEEN FAIENCE. So like her dear mamma; the same brown curls.

QUEEN BESSINA. (*simperingly*) They call us sisters.

QUEEN FAIENCE. Oh, no doubt, my dear.
How strange, at last, I should have met you here.

QUEEN BESSINA. Oh, things have changed, and I'm a lonely widow.

QUEEN FAIENCE. You're not alone, my dear, for I'm a ditto.
The late lamented—Ah, here comes my son.

(*Enter Prince Emerald, R. he kisses Queen Bessina's hand*)

QUEEN BESSINA. His mother's eyes; so full of fun.

PRINCE EMERALD. Madam, until your beauty came between us,
I little knew this island held a Venus.

QUEEN BESSINA. Venus! A charming boy. My daughter.—
Prince. (*Princess Zou Zou rises and curtseys. He bows*)

PRINCE EMERALD. Twin blossoms on one tree. (*aside*)
The tree 's a quince.

QUEEN BESSINA, We'll leave you two alone; amuse each other.
I've lots of things to tell your darling mother.

(*Prince and Queen Faience go up L. Queen Bessina brings Zou Zou down R. she points over her shoulder towards the Prince*).

Remember Miss, you're here to make a match.
The Prince has lots of money. He's a catch.
In half an hour, mind, when I come back,
I hope to find it settled; or—you'll pack.

(*Princess shakes her shoulders impatiently. They go up R. the others come down L.*)

QUEEN FAIENCE. That girl 's a flirt. I see it in her eye.

PRINCE EMERALD. All right mamma. (*nods*)

QUEEN FAIENCE. (*To Queen Bessina.*) Come, dear.

QUEEN BESSINA. (*Kissing her hand*) Ta ta!

QUEEN FAIENCE. Good-bye.

(*The two Queens go off L. each with an arm round the other's waist. Princess Zou Zou sits by boat, and begins knitting.*)

PRINCE EMERALD. What are you doing, Princess?

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Knitting socks
For Polar bears. We're going to send a box,
With nice warm comforters and over-shoes.

PRINCE EMERALD. Pray let me help!

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Delighted, if you chose.

(*Prince sits at her feet, she places hank of wool over his hands and begins winding*)

PRINCE EMERALD. How truly charitable!

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Yes, poor dears,
They are so cold.

PRINCE EMERALD. It fills one's eyes with tears.
I don't see how these socks and shoes are sent.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. There's a Society. I'm President.
(*produces small book and pencil.*)
Subscription list—"Prince Pumpkin, half a crown,
Count Caraway, two shillings."

PRINCE EMERALD. Put me down—

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. With pleasure, Prince.

PRINCE EMERALD. For twopence.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. You're so kind,
Then may I hope that you will not be blind
To the Society for providing apes
With pocket handkerchiefs and nice warm capes.
They are your own relations;

PRINCE EMERALD. I don't care.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. May I?

PRINCE EMERALD. Another twopence. (*Princess writes*)

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Two-pence. There!
Then the Society.

PRINCE EMERALD. (*aside*) Oh, how she talks!

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Providing negroes with new toasting forks,

PRINCE EMERALD. With toasting forks! What for? For catching ants?

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. How can they properly cook their emigrants?

PRINCE EMERALD. That's very true. For five pounds put me down.
An emigrant—well, should be nice and brown,

And crisp and juicy : done upon a fork.
PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. You're so considerate.
PRINCE EMERALD. (*rising*) Let's take a walk.
(*aside*) If I don't change the subject soon, I see,
By Jove, there wo'nt be much change left in me.
(*aloud*)
They've got a grotto and a lovely view;
Besides three monkeys and a kangaroo.
PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. You're quite sure, Prince, there's nothing there alarming.
PRINCE EMERALD. You need'nt be afraid.
PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. (*aside*) The Prince is charming.
(*Exit arm in arm R.*)

(*Mercury re-enters from window, laden with plunder*)
More stockings filled with gold; a golden crown;
Some diamond rings, and here's a splendid gown.
I am in luck! I'll hide them in this grotto;
Safe bind, safe find, has always been my motto.
(*Exit* 2 *E. R.*)

Enter Fifine from bathing machine.)
FIFINE. There! I've unpacked her things. Such funny fashions.
It's clear they're very rich. But, then, what passions!
(*comes down.*)
Prince Emerald is so nice. It would be funny
If he should—Well, why not? I've lots of money!
Poor Fernie! He'd not like another lover—
At first, of course; but then, he'd soon recover.
Men always do. How nice! Princess Fifine!
And then, perhaps, some day, it might be Queen.
(*struts up and down stage conceitedly.*)
What will your Majesty be pleased to wear?
How will your Majesty arrange your hair?

Your Majesty—(*Fernando has entered at back L in his own dress.*)

FERNANDO (*mimicking her.*) Your Majesty? Ha! ha! Fifine. Fie, fie!

FIFINE. How very sharp you are!

FERNANDO. Well, never mind, I've dreadful news to tell; You'll get no shrimps to-day; they've vanished.

FIFINE (*indifferently.*) Well.

FERNANDO. There's not a single one on all the shore; I fear they're gone for good.

FIFINE. Ah! Any more?

FERNANDO. Fifine!

FIFINE. I don't care if they go or stay. I shan't stay here myself. I'm going away. (*looking down and playing with apron.*) If some folks fancy other folks—then—why, There's nothing more to say, except good-bye. (*curtseys and goes up stage.*)

FERNANDO. Prince Emerald's had a finger in this pie, If I don't punch his head! and black his eye! (*exit L angrily.*)

FIFINE. Poor dear Fernando! This is bad, Fifine. You know you love him. But to be a queen; That's far too good to lose. (*enter Princess Zou Zou R.*)

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Well, that's all right, We're going out to take a walk to-night; He squeezed my hand three times. We saw the view, And fed the monkeys and the kangaroo.

FIFINE (*coming down*). Prince Emerald?

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Of course, why not, Miss, pray?

FIFINE. He did the same to me, myself, to-day.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. He did! But then that's nothing; that's in joke.

FIFINE. Perhaps he joked with you.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU (*with asperity*). I think you spoke.

You horrid little shrimp girl, go away.

FIFINE. He kissed me twice this morning.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. All in play,

FIFINE (*aside*). Nothing indeed! Perhaps she's right. I'll go and cry my eyes out.

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Do. Good night.

FIFINE. You nasty stuck-up thing I hate you. Bah!

(*Exit into cottage.*)

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. I'll pay him out for that. I'll tell mamma.

(*Runs into cottage.*)

(*Juno appears at door of bathing machine.*)

JUNO (*calls*). Juppy! (*comes down.*) He isn't here! A pretty thing!

He leaves me like a parcel with a ring,
Then runs away. He doesn't prize his wife;
I'll teach him! (*looks off L.*) Here he comes! Upon my life,
Two women on his arm! A pretty fellow!
With jealousy, I'm sure, I'm turning yellow.

(*Looks off L.*)

Oh, very well! All right my lord and master,
Don't hurry, pray! A snail would walk home faster.

(*Comes down.*)

He'll pay for this; as sure as stars are stars,
I'll hide his slippers; burn his best cigars;
Cut every blessed button off his shirt.
Of one thing I'm determined—he shan't flirt.
I'll go and meet them—no, I won't—I'll hide.

(*with suppressed passion of the most tragic.*)

I'm like a city 'bus—I'm full inside.

(*goes up into machine, leaves door half open, occasionally looking out. Enter Jupiter with the two Queens, one on each arm. They sit down at table L. Stage gradually grows dim.*)

JUPITER. Ah! what a day we're having to be sure!
I've not felt jollier in my life before.
Strolling along the rocks, out over there
This charming creature dropped her—well, back hair.
Reaching to save it ere it touched the water,
She would have tumbled in if I'd not caught her.
QUEEN BESSINA (*smiling coquettishly.*) Pray Mr.——
JUPITER. Jones; a city broker. (*aside.*) Smart!
QUEEN BESSINA (*aside.*) Oh! what a handsome fellow!
QUEEN FAIENCE (*aside.*) My poor heart!
QUEEN BESSINA. Accept my thanks. (*curtseys.*)
QUEEN FAIENCE (*aside.*) My dear, oh what a pity!
He's only something horrid in the city.
(*Aside.*) I'd have him, if he'd ask me, in a minuit.
QUEEN BESSINA (*aside.*) The man's a perfect prize, and I'll just win it.
JUPITER. Ladies, will you accept, as souvenir,
A handful of these little trifles here?
(*kisses their hands and gives diamonds to each.*)
QUEEN BESSINA. Diamonds! Good gracious! Why they're big as beans!
QUEEN FAIENCE (*aside*). The man's a prince! I'll find out what this means.
(*Juno comes down.*)
JUPITER (*aside.*) My wife!
(*aloud to her.*) My dear!
JUNO (*with the air of a Juno.*) Sir!
JUPITER (*disconcerted.*) Ta Ta.
I think I'll go and smoke a mild cigar.
(*strolls off R.*)
QUEEN BESSINA. Who's this?
QUEEN FAIENCE. A stranger! (*to her.*) It's a lovely day.
JUNO (*dryly.*) It's most, 'hem, bracing weather, I should say.

QUEEN FAIENCE (*aside.*) She isn't nice.

QUEEN BESSINA (*aside.*) I think she's in a passion,
Whoever saw a dress in such a fashion!

QUEEN FAIENCE (*aloud.*) Is that the latest Paris style, that waist?

JUNO. Don't mention Paris, pray, the man's no taste!
You'd scarcely think that he preferred to me
That brazen creature Venus.

QUEEN BESSINA. Who is she?

JUNO (*aside.*) I quite forgot!

QUEEN BESSINA (*laughing.*) It's clear, the woman's mad.

JUNO (*aside.*) The saucy minxes! I could pull their hair.
(*aloud, à la Robson in "Medea."*)
R-r-rash female women! P-r-r-ray beware!

QUEEN FAIENCE. Indeed ma'am! Who are you?

JUNO (*aside in deep bass tones if possible.*) I must disemble.
(*aloud.*) I'm —— Mrs. Brown.

QUEEN BESSINA. We thought you might be Kemble.

(*enter R. Prince Emerald in Fernando's disguise. The Queens and Juno go up.*)

PRINCE EMERALD (*aside.*) So Mrs. Brown is jealous.
Here's a joke!
They'll never know me in Fernando's cloak.
I'll have some fun. (*beckons mysteriously to Juno.*)
You're jealous.

JUNO. I!

PRINCE EMERALD (*with mock sympathy.*) You've reason.
(*in stage whisper.*)
To-night: by moonlight: in the grotto.

JUNO. Treason!

PRINCE EMERALD. Hush! (*Juno goes up R. Prince beckons apart to Queen Bessina.*)
Beauty on love can surely never frown.
To-night: by moonlight: in the grotto: Brown.

QUEEN BESSINA (*aside*). Brown? He means Jones! Dear fellow! Caught already!

PRINCE EMERALD. Hush! Do not speak. They're coming. Steady!

(*Queen Bessina goes up, enter Mercury R., he looks up at the sky anxiously.*)

MERCURY (*nervously.*) What would it cost to wrap in cotton wool,
Say ten feet thick—

PRINCE EMERALD. Well, what?

MERCURY. The world.

PRINCE EMERALD. That's cool!

MERCURY. Or blankets.

PRINCE EMERALD. What!

MERCURY. A dozen's thick enough.
Or, say, two dozen.

PRINCE EMERALD. Wrap the world in!—Stuff!
Here. Get a ton of ice: go straight to bed,
And put two dozen leeches on your head.
You're going mad.

MERCURY. I think I am, indeed!
Thank you, kind sir. (*picks his pocket.*)
I'll go and have a weed!

(*goes up stage and talks to Queens, enter R. and L., all the characters, fishermen, villagers, visitors, etc. Prince slips out R. and reappears in his own dress.*)

PRINCE EMERALD (*bringing Jupiter down*)
You rogue! (*pokes him playfully in the ribs.*)
Why, Brown, you've made a pretty capture.
(*points over shoulder.*)
To-night: by moonlight: in the grotto: Rapture!

JUPITER (*laughing.*) I'll go, for fun. What's this?

FERNANDO. All right.
We only come to wish you all good night.

(*characters sing "Good Night" Chorus from the "Grand Duchess," moving off L. and R. as scene closes in.*)

SCENE V.

THE GROTTO.

(*Set in front grooves; to open in centre. Enter Prince Emerald L.* 1.)

PRINCE EMERALD. I'm first. That's good: and now to see the fun.
(*looks off L.*) There's someone coming,
So! The play's begun.
(*goes off R, enter Mercury L, with sack.*)

MERCURY. All right, my gold's all safe, and I'm alone.
I'll go and hide my treasure near this stone.
The people hereabouts have eyes like hawks!
I'm very lucky—silver spoons and forks;
Nine handkerchiefs, besides a stilton cheese.
(*looks off L.*) Here's Jupiter. By jove, there'll be a breeze!
I'll hide. (*goes off R, enter Jupiter with Queen Bessina on his arm, L*)

JUPITER. Dear Madam.

QUEEN BESSINA (*sighs.*) Ah; *dear* Mr. Jones!

JUPITER. Come let us take a seat upon these stones.
(*they sit C.*)

QUEEN BESSINA. I wish we'd met before.

JUPITER. 'Tis late (*hesitates.*) Supposing.

QUEEN BESSINA (*meaningly.*) It's not *too* late, perhaps, (*aside*) he means proposing.

JUPITER. Supposing I —— But no, you'll think me bold.
(*she shakes her head.*)
If I should ask you—(*hesitates, she glances up and then looks down coquettishly*) are you feeling——
(*she turns her head aside, smiling.*) Cold?

QUEEN BESSINA (*frigidly.*) Oh, not at all. *You* might be warmer.

JUPITER (*innocently.*) I?
Thank you, I'm warm enough.

QUEEN BESSINA (*rising*). I'll say good-bye.

JUPITER. I fear you find my conversation slow.
I wish we'd met, say, forty years ago.

QUEEN BESSINA. Sir! forty years!

JUPITER. We both had younger bones.

QUEEN BESSINA. Speak for yourself.

JUPITER. Besides, there's Mrs. Jones.

QUEEN BESSINA. You're married? Wretch!

(*enter running, Fernando, Fifine, Queen Faience, and all the characters, except Mercury, Juno and Prince Emerald, L.*)

FIFINE. Thieves!

QUEEN FAIENCE. Thieves! Where is my crown?

FERNANDO. Where is that rascal gone to, Juppy Brown?
(*they seize Jupiter.*)

FIFINE. Where is my gold?

SIR IRASCIBLE RAPS. My snuff box?

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. Diamond ring?

SIR POPINJAY POPS. My handkerchief?

FERNANDO. My stilton cheese?

(*all together.*) Where's everything?

(*enter Juno L.*)

JUNO. So here you are!

JUPITER. My dear, it's all a joke.

JUNO. A joke! Don't tell me that, sir! I shall choke!

JUPITER. It's all that Mercury!

PRINCE EMERALD (*off R.*) All right! I've got him!

(*enter Prince Emerald R, leading in Mercury by one ear.*)

I've found the thief!

MERCURY. Oh! oh! Please don't!

JUPITER. I'll pot him!

What's this? (*pulls handkerchiefs out of his sleeves.*)
And this? (*pulls another out of the back of his coat,*) and this? (*pulls more handkerchiefs out of his boots, and from under his waistcoat. He shakes him soundly; a quantity of money rolls on the ground.*)
You know the cost.

(*in the awfulest possible tones.*) Where are my thunderbolts?

MERCURY (*falling on his knees.*) Please sir! they're lost.

(*a terrific crash heard off L, Jupiter rushes off L. and returns instantly with a thunderbolt in his hand: he raises it to strike Mercury, when Coralina runs on L. with basket of shrimps, dressed as a fairy.*)

CORALINA. Here, take some shrimps, you naughty, naughty folks.

(*they all take shrimps. Soft music.*)

JUPITER. I can't be angry at the fellow's jokes.
(*to Mercury.*) Get up! (*Mercury rises to his feet.*)
Leave off your tricks.

MERCURY. I'll really try.

JUPITER. You'd better, sir; or else—just mind your eye.
My name's not Brown or Jones, as, clearly, you know;
In fact I'm Jupiter, and this is Juno.

(*general astonishment.*)

FIFINE. Fernando! pray forgive your own Fifine?

FERNANDO (*embracing her.*) Forgive you! Yes!

FIFINE (*archly.*) I don't want to be Queen.
I'd rather be a fisher girl, and sing.
I've had enough of wealth.

JUPITER (*patting her on the head.*) Nice little thing!

JUNO. Nice little thing indeed! the little——(*checks herself*) dear.

JUPITER. Her temper's much improved, that's very clear.
(*to Juno.*) You'll leave off nagging?

JUNO (*gives him her hand.*) Yes, I will: And you?

JUPITER. Oh I? I'm mild as milk and water, Ju.
I say, don't take so long to do your hair.

JUNO. I'll tell you what! I'll wear a wig. Now, there!

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU. What's to become of me?

PRINCE EMERALD. If I should do
As well as Polar bears, and monkies—

PRINCESS ZOU ZOU (*turning her head away.*) You!

PRINCE EMERALD. I want a comforter, and also, socks.
You would'nt have so far to send the box.

(*Princess turns round quickly and gives him both her hands.*)

QUEEN FAIENCE. What's to become of us? We want to know.

PRINCE EMERALD. The proper thing's to give your blessing.

(*both Queens.*) Oh!

(*the Queens place their hands on the heads of their children, melodramatically.*)

(*both together.*) B-er-less you, my children!

MERCURY. Now it's all serene,
Let's understand each other.

JUPITER. What d'ye mean?

MERCURY (*showing thunderbolts.*) What shall we do with all these little jokers?

JUPITER. Oh, turn the whole lot into kitchen pokers.
My temper's changed. I'm not myself at all.

CORALINA. Then welcome each one to the Shrimp King's Hall.

(*fairy music from "Oberon." Scene slowly changes to the*

SHRIMP KING'S HALL,

OR

THE CORAL GROVES OF THE ENCHANTED ISLE.

(*The Shrimp King in his jewelled car, centre, fairies, ad lib. posed on either side, characters grouped at sides; they form line in centre, in the following order.*)

Mercury, Juno, Coralina, Jupiter,
Prince Emerald, Fifine, Fernando, Queen Bessina,
Princess Zou Zou, Queen Faience,
Sir Popinjay, Sir Irascible.

Final Chorus:—"CHICKADEE."

Air "Upidee."

FIFINE (*solo.*) Our play is done, but ere you go,
(*chorus.*) Tra la la. Tra la la.
FIFINE. A little secret I will show.
(*chorus.*) Tra la la, la lay.
FIFINE. In case your tempers run away,
Remember this one word we say.
(*chorus—mysteriously.*) Chicka dee, idee, ida, etc.

[*coloured fires*] and

CURTAIN.